

## A Fine Day to Die

Bathory

Orgy of silence  
Conspiracy of peace  
Only the sound  
Of the cold northern breeze

Twinsun sink fading  
Behind the black lake  
Asleep is the mountains  
Yet the night is awake

Strange is the night  
Now black stars rise  
And many moons circle  
Through silent the night

Along the black mountainside scattered  
By the campfires awaiting the dawn  
Two times a hundred men in battles  
Tried by the steel in the arrow axe and the sword

By battle worn hunger torn awaiting  
For the sun to break through the cold haze  
And for the banners of Ebal to appear  
On the hill in the suns first warm rays

The elder among the men looked deep into  
The fire and spoke loud with pride  
Tomorrow is a fine day to die

Now the morning advance from far east  
Now the sun breaks through dustclouds and haze  
Now a forest of spears appears on the hill  
And steel shines bright in the suns first rays

Die  
Die  
Die  
Die